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MAY 1942

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From the heart of man to the heart of God,
The ladder Salvation reaches.
The rounds are mounted with ease or strife,
Whichever your thought-force teaches.

Belief comes first, and you try to think
That this is the truth you're seeking.
Perhaps for awhile it soothes and calms,
Then you hear a soft voice speaking.

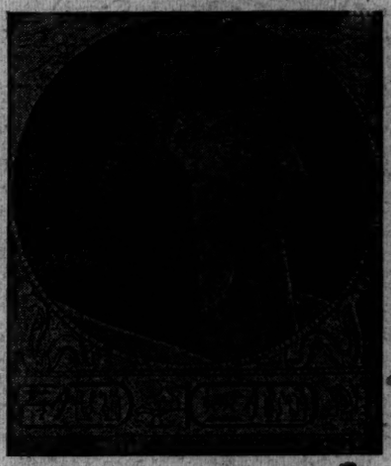
Have faith, it whispers, for Faith is next
On this ladder of golden hue,
As rung by rung, you climb and seek
The conviction that God is true.

Fruition is last, and this is man
Who is saved—now his work is done.
Eternal life is his reward
For he knows he and God are one.

—Helen I. Kretschmer.

AEGYPTUS

MAY — 1942



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"Like the rising sun, brings you the dawn of a new day."

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VOL. I No. 5

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HAMID BEY,
Individually and for and in behalf of
the Coptic Fellowship of America

Aegyptus is published monthly by the Coptic Fellowship of America, a non-profitable organization under the State Laws of California, and is dedicated to the upliftment of mankind. Its pages carry the wisdom of the East together with the knowledge of the West, thereby revealing a better understanding of life and living. The name Aegyptus was that of a Libyan king who conquered and gave his name to Egypt.

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YOUR AMERICA AND MINE

By HAMID BEY

FIFTEEN years ago I had the inestimable privilege of setting foot for the first time on the soil of the United States of America. Since then I have been constantly impressed by the far-reaching significance of what this fertile soil has produced, is producing, and will continue to produce. My endeavor has been to give service to the people of this country by replanting here the seeds of the greatest truths ever discovered, to cultivate and nurture the growing plants, and to so correlate the plantings with those indigenous to the country and those who have been worthily introduced as to produce a landscaping in harmony in its exterior and in its practical beneficent results.

I have been received here with hospitality and kindness and my message has been received with deepest appreciation. During these fifteen years my experiences as a master gardener (teacher) have been almost countless.

I have met people in all walks of life and have found that the American people, as a whole, possess the character, have acquired the habits, the customs and the knowledge to become the safeguard of the world's civilization and to be a reservoir of civilization from which all the peoples of the world may yet need to draw in the great process of rehabilitation which must eventually follow the widespread crises of the present hour.

I have been impressed most of all by the sincere attitude most Americans have in trying to learn more and in endeavoring to find a solution to the problems of life and living, not by physical force, but rather by maintaining a peaceful mind through using their mental and spiritual forces. In this way, it seems to me, the theory of equality has been brought into practice for there is a widespread freedom of expression because of the democratic way in which humanity is treated without suffocating the thought or expression of anyone, no matter what his position in society may be.

You may be moved to inquire why the Coptic Order has chosen to send me to America, why I have learned to love America, why I have become enthused with America and have chosen this great nation as my permanent home. The answer is because America is the nation selected by the Great Master as the ground of spiritual activity, with the assurance that it is from here that enlightenment for all future generations, everywhere, will come. It is the Holy Land of the future, of a New Order and a New Race (Nu-Race).

The torch in the hand of the Statue of Liberty in the harbor at New York was lighted by the sons of our forefathers who, in the Cradle of Liberty (Fannel Hall, Boston, Mass.), first promulgated the idea of liberty, freedom, and equality for all. But the roots of that idea were from Egyptian soil. Back of all the great principles

which have flourished so mightily in America's fertile soil were seeds from other climes. Great expositions of mighty truths have been made in all ages but the sacred teachings have been maintained only by self-elected guardians who conserve their values awaiting the appointed time, place, AND THE MESSENGER of their denouement. Here in America the Coptic Fellowship may well claim its right to advance the thought of the people not only one step but seven steps in the unfoldment of absolute truth.

The world, with the exception of America, has been claiming and proclaiming an advanced civilization. In countries much older than ours, philosophy and religion were supposed to be practiced on a higher plane and with greater efficiency in the production of what is called civilization. But something was missing. Possessing many truths, some truth was lacking —and we have the European situation.

It is to be observed that there are many factors contributing to the European debacle. While we recite some of them, we know that the Coptic teaching could have met and solved all the problems and difficulties which were and still are to be met and solved.

Europe is over-populated—its supplies within its borders appear to be inadequate for the maintenance of human life—its political divisions are arbitrary with respect to manners and customs. But, most of all, there is a multiplicity of languages and traditions akin to a modern Babel.

From the Coptic standpoint it is an expression of duality, even diversity, rather than unity; of the recognition of the falsity of division and separateness rather than the truth of union and oneness.

The aftermath of a belief in the reality of such conditions and circumstances is the idea of being encircled and barred from material supplies, bringing a desire of conquest to supply the need, and educating the minds of the people to the thought of conquest for the sake of conquest.

Such a conclusion is based upon two premises: The first is that there is not enough for all. The second is that the weaker must have little if the stronger is to have much.

This conclusion is fallacious. The world of production and exchange is adequate to meet the fullest needs of any nation and every nation. We are not living in an age where as long ago many must perish to bring the level of supply to meet the needs of the strongest.

It is horrible to think that as civilization advances, as modern science should indicate progress, as resources become easier of production, as intelligence is promoted, there should still be nations which aim to use all these factors for death-dealing purposes rather than for life livingness and enjoyment. Today we see the spectacle of nations lending their mental and physical forces to the committing of atrocities which never before have been known to the peoples of the world.

Why, we ask, why do such conditions exist when we claim to know so much, when we claim to have an intelligence superior to all the past, a civilization that surpasses that of any age?

The answer is that the teaching has been false, and so the conclusions are inevitably false. In the philosophic and religious teaching some factors have been omitted.

In America, our country, the start was made to include every factor. Is it true that much teaching is required to bring our people to know what these factors are and to realize their importance? This teaching cannot be given in our schools and is not given in our newspapers or through the pulpit, the three recognized agencies of education. In the last statement is a partial answer as to why I am here and the reason for the Coptic Fellowship of America.

America stands for freedom, for peace, and for that process of enlightenment which brings both. That process is the change of thought of those who come here from everywhere to the prevailing American thought of plenty for all, and that all shall enjoy that plentitude—the spirit of all for one and one for all. While there is yet much to be done to bring this plantlet idea to full fruition, the fertile soil of America and the fertile brains of the leaders of thought are earnestly at work.

You as an American, you as a much blessed one, you who live amongst the people who still have a spark of spiritual reasoning, you who live in a nation where the rights of the individual are respected, be ever on the alert that undermining forces may never take possession of even a fraction of our America. Use all your power of thought and intelligence to neutralize any and all subversive attacks contrary to the Constitution and to the rights or liberty of this country.

I feel deeply honored to have been accepted as a fellow citizen. My gratefulness is deeply impressed upon and keenly alive in my heart. I shall strive always to compensate to the best of my ability for all the privileges America has permitted me.

To you who come from another country, as I have, as well as to you who have been blessedly born here, I give the same adjuration. Be a good American. Live for and love this great wonderful, beautiful, fertile America, not because it is America, but because of what it stands for and what it is destined to be.

Opportunity is here for each of us, and the whole trouble lies in our inability to take advantage of what is right HERE—NOW.

When all non-essentials are eliminated from one's life, there is plenty of time for everything worthwhile.

There is only one Purpose in living —it is that we develop our latent faculties, become liberated, and sense the world of higher vibrations.

—*Harriet Luella McCollum.*

DISCRIMINATION, OR WHAT OF IT?

Part II

MANY students complain that as they advance in spiritual unfoldment and realization they become more sensitive to surrounding conditions. They react with greater force to influences, conditions, trials, temptations, criticisms, and so forth, which formerly bothered them but little, and they have wondered why this should be so.

Often you hear people try to excuse some ill-bred expression or reaction by saying: "I am so temperamental because I am so sensitive. I just can't help it."

When you hear such remarks you know that such persons are becoming more sensitive because they are being prepared for some advance in unfoldment and responsiveness in either their physical, astral, or mental bodies or perhaps in all three, but have not attained the poise which permits discrimination to check their reactions.

Some of these persons who may be physically, mentally, or psychically sensitive, but not spiritually unfolded, may even pride themselves on the fact that they are so sensitive, hence so temperamental.

In such cases, instead of the constructive reaction of one who is sensitive to the Spiritual Self, their expression of so-called temperament is simply an evidence of temper, and they use their sensitiveness as an excuse for giving way to their lower reactions, their uncontrolled and destructive emotions.

Such exhibitions, instead of exciting admiration "because they are so sensitive," are unconscious but quite obvious revelations of how undeveloped, uncontrolled, and undiscriminating they are.

Such persons may be matured in body and mind, but their emotional body is not grown up or trained. Emotionally they scarcely have the development of a twelve-year-old child, hence they react like children to emotional strains and crises. Why?

Because, instead of using their increasing sensitivity to tune their consciousness in to the higher keynote which has been struck by their Higher Self for them to respond to and advance, they turn their attention outward toward their human personality and think that because of their increasing sensitivity they should be excused for the uncontrolled display of destructive emotions which they call "temperament."

You may well pity those who display that kind of "temperament," for you realize that like immature children they are greatly lacking in that inner poise which comes when the increased sensitivity is responsive, not so much to the personality and outer conditions, as to the inner influences from the Divine. Such persons are lacking in peace, poise, and control because they have not learned the les-

sons from the results of undiscriminating responses to the personality and the outer world, instead of consciously discriminating responses to the spiritual influence of the loving I Am Presence within.

This same law applies to the psychic or astral world, and with some of you, your degree of sensitivity tunes you in to the various realms of that world. Since you are apt to contact the lower realms of the astral world first, your sensitivity may bring you into contact with unpleasant astral vibrations or experiences.

You sometimes hear a person say: "I wish I were not so sensitive. I seem to take on such queer, unpleasant astral conditions." Again, that is a lack of discrimination and of poise in the astral or emotional body.

Such persons are focussing their attention upon the sensations felt from the lower astral, instead of raising their consciousness until they can respond to their inner, intuitive guidance, and so can discriminate as to the meaning of the contact or experience. For if they will stop and ask, What of it? they will be impressed with the what of it, and then can react accordingly.

Those who are beginning to respond to the astral world should not be content with contacting only its lower realms. If you make a rule to aspire always to the highest, that will enable you to tune in to the highest of the Divine within to which you are capable of responding.

In some cases your sensitivity is a mental one and tunes you in to certain levels or realms of the mental world, some of which may incline you to mental irritability. If you give way to this without discrimination you become so analytical, so hypercritical, so impatient with others slower moving or with less responsive minds that you are classed as "fussy," "too particular" or perhaps are called a "crank," so that people dislike or even fear to talk to you and largely leave you alone or even avoid you.

Your untrained sensitivity has selfishly focused itself upon your own personality, your own ideas, and thus makes you intolerant of others. And even though your ideas may be splendid and highly advanced, nevertheless, your reaction to them makes you appear conceited or self-righteous.

That is an immature and undiscriminating mental response to the descent of the Divine Fire which should produce greater mental illumination and poise, and therefore greater mental discrimination and control.

If people speak inaccurately or cannot grasp readily propositions or ideas which seem so simple to you, What of it? If properly controlled, your sensitivity should enable you to recognize their limitations and be patient with them while you explain the matter more clearly in words which they can understand.

As we recently wrote to a pupil: "Since you receive back the return current from everything you send out,

you have been allowing your sensitiveness to permit the devitalizing of yourself by every wave of irritation and resentment you send out, for they all return to their sender. No wonder you feel the possibility of sudden illness or death for you have been generating the forces which produce just those conditions. Therefore, you cannot expect full freedom from nervousness, fear of death, lack of friends and security as long as you continue to send out the disintegrating forces of resentment and the paralyzing forces of fear. You cannot expect freedom until you can calmly meet all such tests with the question, What of it?

"Never mind what anyone has said about you or has done to you or has failed to do to you. That is past and gone, and will be taken care of by karmic law in due season. It is holding on to and reacting to it that holds you back. Realize that no one can hold you back but yourself, unless you are so negative and lacking in discrimination and in courage quietly to assert your rights, that you permit it."

The main thing to realize is that with the increased sensitiveness which your gradual purification by the Divine Fire brings to you, with your higher aspiration and your desire to make all your experiences on all planes constructive and helpful, you will be so poised that you will instantly stop and discriminate before reacting to any experience or condition, and in a flash will inquire, What of it?

Then you can refuse to react inharmoniously or disintegratingly. Instead, you will use your hypersensitivity to tune you in and react to the higher, constructive spiritual forces and ideals.

Rejoice therefore that you are going through a period of purification and preparation for higher responses. Rejoice that you are worthy of being worked on by these higher forces and that you can respond more readily, and hence more constructively, once you do so with discrimination.

Remember that each of your permanent atoms is an atom in the corresponding body of that Great Being, the Progenitor of your Spiritual Ray, your *Kumara.* Therefore, as your permanent atoms become more sensitive to the Divine Fire of the overshadowing Divine Self, or that Ray of God which manifests as the Christ within, they are stimulated and purified and therefore the whole body in which each atom is purified and made more sensitive, makes possible a greater manifestation of the Divine Self through you.

When you begin to be super-sensitive you have reached a point where you are becoming or being perpared to be more and more one with the Christ within.

And if the response is discriminating and positive instead of unthinking and negative, then every degree of increased sensitivity raises you a step toward your oneness with the Divine, a step toward a greater realization of the loving I Am Presence, and in the joy of allowing more of His force to manifest through you.

In order to manifest higher-plane guidance and unfoldment you must realize the meaning and importance of the rule: *"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me,"* that is, unto the Christ within.

Therefore, rejoice and be exceedingly glad that your increased sensitivity is enabling you to come into more conscious contact with, and realization of the spiritual power of the Christ within, and that you will use that power only positively and not negatively, either in ill-health, emotional storms, or mental irritability.

Firmly resolve that you will respond more and more to that utter calm, that utter poise, and that divine harmony and joy which rules your manifestation in the higher realms; that manifestation of your Divine Self which basks in the peace which passeth understanding, which peace should be reflected within you and be responded to by you, and manifest through you here on Earth, because you have learned the great lesson of discrimination and have learned to say, What of it?

I SEZ, SEZ I

By INEZ LIGHT

Sez I to myself, "Do you know what's been on my mind for days? Don't laugh an' I'll tell you—prayer."

I sez, sez I, "Often I laugh *with* you but never *at* you, for you're my little pet. You sound real grown up sometimes and prayer is pretty important to folks of all ages. Makes me call to mind somethin' our own Hamid Bey said a long time ago. When you go to call on a friend, you know you will be welcome and that he will help you if he can. You know exactly what street an' house to go to an' you walk right along, not always lookin' back an' questionin' why an' where.

"So with prayer. We hold our heads up an' walk straight to the Throne of God. He will listen patiently to us an' help us if He thinks it is wise. But if we have doubts as to what He will say, we might just as well sit down on the curb and wait until we get through doubtin."

"I never knew anyone who could explain anythin' so well," sez I to myself. "I like that idea of walking with my chin up when I want to talk to God for He likes people who have faith to ask for somethin' whether it is right or wrong."

ELEMENTALS

By JOHN W. RING

Little flower a-sleeping
Breezes gently creeping,
Sunbeam comes a-peeping
Flower awakes and grows

Bird at morn is winging,
Joyously 'tis singing,
Cheer to earth a-bringing,
Each must sing his song.

Heart for comrade pining,
Sparkling eyes a-shining,
Tender arms entwining,
Love has found its own.

The sun shone brightly on the water as it splashed from the hose on the flowers and vines. Rainbow colors occasionally appeared as my angle of vision caught the combination of the sun and water. Multiplying shadows appeared, as if clouds were passing before the sun.

I looked; there were no clouds. I rubbed my eyes, thinking they were playing me a trick. I ceased trying, and then I saw the nimble Sprites of Air and the jolly Water-Nymphs dancing merrily where the water and sunlight seemed to blend.

With elasticity, such as only these creatures can demonstrate, they moved. My friendly attitude toward them seemed to be felt by them and they sang the lines quoted above. Carefully re-read them. Note their constructive expression and the natural charm they possess.

Have you, kind reader, ever seen these Creatures of the Elements? They are beautiful beyond description. The Earth Gnomes are interesting in a way all their own. Salamanders I am not so familiar with.

* * *

On another occasion upon entering the unused basement room of the building where I was conducting a class, one sultry evening, I persuaded some of the assembled Sprites to commune with me—it can scarcely be called communicate since it is a mental rather than an oral process.

They informed me that such places as the basement room were used by them to *create* air currents, and assured me that very soon the cool breeze thus created would relieve the oppressiveness of the evening.

Twenty minutes later when a cool refreshing breeze crept through the window of the classroom, I thought of my friends, the Sprites, and rejoiced that I was privileged to commune with them and to be aware of the way the Elementals assume to perform the truly marvelous chemistry of Nature.

A WOMAN OBSERVES

by

audrey stratton

The more I observe women and their eating habits the more I'm convinced that it is not so much what the Fatties eat as it is the *amount* they stow away.

An over-abundance of food without any physical exercise, to speak of, is conducive to only one thing. A lovely (?) set of spare tires around the middle (the kind of tires the government nor anybody else wants) and a rear that would make even Dumbo's mama blush.

One of the several unlovely things we have to look at in this world is a fat woman. Fat on the feminine body has a way of creating bulges where symmetrical curves should be—ugly bulges that not the finest girdle (if one could get one) could camouflage.

So much has been written on exercise and diet that all that is left for one to do is to set the mind on attaining the lines of beauty. The main difficulty is that the filling of Lady M. Y. Stomach has become such a pleasurable habit that Fatty refuses to break it—sees no reason for doing so when so much fun can be had by giving M. Y. just what she wants.

A very famous doctor says that to his mind "anybody who has the strength of character to stick to a diet religiously is capable of accomplishing almost anything in life. Few things require so much real courage."

Diets of all types are usually the breaking down of long established habits. If Fatty has ever tried to break a habit established over a period of months or years she knows what I mean. There is a mental and physical rebellion that occurs. Her pampered body flies into a tantrum, almost literally, and spoiled child that it is, it requires courage, strength of character and, most of all, understanding to meet this new situation.

Deft strategy must be administered to herself to see her through this adjustment period. She will have to elevate herself in consciousness to about a foot above her head and carry on from there. This height gives her a better perspective of her rolls. Although she may at first look like an overstuffed coil spring to herself, after a stormy period of self-denial is over, she will emerge not only the proud possessor of a bright and shining new habit but with a beautiful body and a beautiful mind to go with it. Re-

member lots of things have happened to our Fatty during this period of abstinence and correct exercises.

Wise men tell us to know the truth and the truth shall make us free. Just to free the Fatties from some untruths we shall take them in the order following:

Here is fat woman's error number one.

There is a habit that seems to go with avoirdupois—she invariably loves to fool herself. She feels there are certain cuts and colors in clothing that keep her weight a secret.

Don't you believe it, my misled corpulent one, we all know it's there.

Error number two:

She secretly feels that a young appearing face will give her all the youth and beauty she needs.

Again, don't you believe it!! Actual youth adds years to its appearance by obesity. Let us take an example from the animal kingdom. Do you ever think of the elephant and the hippopotamus as youthful? On the other hand, a deer, a panther, or a fine horse are ageless because of their grace and symmetry.

Number three is the most serious truth of them all. Statistics tell us that fat people die early. Therefore, we see it is a matter of health as well as beauty and aged appearance that should prompt our bulky ones to do something about it.

It is a very human trait that we like to hear nice things about ourselves.

So, Fatty, my dear, when your neighbors exclaim, "Well, I wouldn't have the strength of character to go on that diet!"—let your chest proudly expand in justifiable pride as your spare tires diminish.

Subliminal Creatures

How wondrous is our God,
  How perfect is His plan;
Inherent in each one of us
  There is a super-man.

Patterned in the flower bulb
  There is the tulip fair;
In the center of man's soul
  There is Christ's love so rare.

Just as we, expectantly,
  Watch the tender leaves appear
Careful that no insect
  Destroy our plant so dear;

So God, our maker,
  As tenderly cares for us.
The seed implanted in our souls
  Makes us more than dust.

Just as the tiny flower seed
  Unfolds its beauteous nature,
So Christ, the seed in man,
  Unfolds a subliminal creature.

Love so freely given us
  All alike may share.
Making sons of God
  Beautiful beyond compare.

Let us nourish day by day
  This love within our souls
That enables us to grow
  Into gods—man's goal.

—Ruth Evelyn Downey.

MY EXPERIENCES PRECEDING 5,000 BURIALS

HAMID BEY

THE STORY OF MY LIFE

What I Learned in the Egyptian Temple

Part VII

Despite all that had been told me before I started on my first begging trip, when night came I was afraid of wild animals. My Master told me to find a safe place to sleep, but never stressed dangers. He explained that wise precaution makes fear unnecessary. He was constantly trying to help me to see how to act to get the best results in the most efficient manner. But I did not know that he was watching my character unfold as a result of my first real discipline.

I *did* notice, however, that each time I would come home he would feel all over my head thoughtfully, and that he would talk to other teachers about warmth developed at certain places. Later I asked about this head study, and what happens in response to mental and emotional stimuli, and learned that the Masters do not consider it a finished or fixed science, but that they are accumulating data, generation after generation, and in keeping complete records of hundreds of cases, expect to develop much wisdom concerning it.

One day when my donkey was loaded three thieves came across my path, and promptly took everything that I had accumulated. I was on my way to the Temple, rejoicing that I had such a fine load to take with me, and now suddenly these selfish men had reduced my load to nothing. I was so angry that I threw myself on the ground and began to scream and kick. The men looked at me learingly for a few minutes, then kicked me and said that if I did not stop and be on my way, they would take both me and my donkey along with them. This brought me to my senses, and I made a new start, worked until my pack was complete, and made my way home. When I told the Master about it, he reproved me for my temper. He said probably those men were hungry and needed the food, and that I should rejoice that I had been able to help them. This was a difficult lesson to learn at the time, but it is one which helps me in emotional stability today.

It seems that my Master considered I had learned all the lessons which

begging would teach me by the time I was nine years old. It took me only one and one-half years to learn the peculiar lessons which that type of occupation can offer. My Master complimented me on the completion of begging, and said that many students did not finish such character development until they are twenty-five. I had made an unusual record.

So, you see, the purpose of the begging was two-fold. First, to procure the necessities for the Temple, but really much more to train the courage and sympathy and ability to get along with people under varying conditions. When one has conquered every unhappy emotion engendered in the various experiences which are sure to come to one in begging, he is happy to realize that he has done the hardest thing possible, and that from then on it would be comparatively easy sailing.

Courage and sympathy are invaluable accomplishments, but the insight into human nature, and a study of the different kinds of people which one inevitably meets in that work, serves one all the life. I have studied human beings until I know intuitively why they conduct themselves as they do, and whether they are to be trusted with important affairs or not. I feel their motives, and see their spirit through the countenance. This ability was so rapidly developed in those eighteen months that its development continues throughout my life with every impact of experience.

I want you to see both sides of the method used, as they later explained it to me. The Masters stimulated the emotions, as for example, the shaving of the head, and then during the heat of the emotion, they would reason and instruct, thereby planting the right idea in the mind while it was active and ready to receive. Securing the attention and, finally, emotional cooperation, build in the direction desired and pre-determined.

There was no attempt to make the training easy, but they as carefully avoided making it unduly difficult. There was never punishment for failure or neglect. We were allowed to explain our motives and conduct and, no matter how it might seem to the Master, sympathy and understanding gave assurance to the student that nothing was desired but his own well being.

Our tasks were made as interesting and entertaining as possible when in the Temple. We had our regular routine of exercises and we rejoiced in them. I find that children willingly and gladly work when they sense wisdom in their guidance and sympathy in their difficulties. There has been too little of such help from teachers of the past, and educational systems have failed accordingly.

Training in Self-Control

Up to nine years of age my life at the Temple had been normal and regular, when not on begging tours. My physical exercises helped to build a strong healthy body, especially health of the vital organs. Muscular development is

not considered as important as free action and firm texture of the essential organs of life.

The strenuous life of begging had developed a sturdy endurance, and had done something for me in the way of self-control, and freedom from unprofitable moods such as timidity, anger, resentment, and grief. True, I was no finished product in mental control, but I had a start. How far I could fall short of my ideal in this respect, you are destined to see, when I tell you of my first experience as a clay modeler.

I had very early in the Temple training begun to develop those brain cells which primitive man had to grow because of the necessity of doing everything with their hands. The Temple had a small acreage of land in a nearby village, where they raised as much of the necessities of the school as they could. We planted and harvested in season. Both seasons, and in fact, all our outdoor work was considered to be great sport. Everybody worked at the common task. Our harvesting work was done with music and chants, and was enjoyed immensely by the students. We learned how to take raw material as it comes from the fields and make the most necessary and useful articles. So much did I learn along these lines that I feel I could live on an uninhabited island and make my way as well as the famed Robinson Crusoe himself.

I had the advantage of the brain development which is necessary in primitive life, which is so fundamental to humanity. Our primitive ancestors had to work hard and make things with their hands or do without. Every time we do anything, or learn a new trick, we develop *a new set* of brains. To have this advantage, plus the added value of studying with Masters who had the perspective which results from a comprehension of Ageless Wisdom was rare indeed, and I am most appreciative of these rare privileges.

So, you see, the influence was intelligent. It was not easy. My mind and emotions were stirred into intense activity, then the energies guided into such thinking as would develop those traits which my Master thought wise.

At nine years of age, when I graduated from the begging, my training began in earnest. As I have said, my body was perfect. My next step in development is so foreign to Americans that I wonder whether I can explain it to you intelligently. I had now built a perfect body; my next task was to subdue it. We part company with Western thought at this point. You people seem to know so little about subduing the body. You so frequently seem to be slaves of the body appetites and propensities. No one can go far toward conquering life's vicissitudes and destiny, unless one knows how to govern the action of the machine in which one travels. This is evident to anyone who considers the necessity of knowing how to care for and manage an automobile, but the analogy is not sufficient, because the body is so pliable to demands,

through thought and emotion, that it can be built or destroyed. Those who know nothing of this art are subject to symptoms, disease, and uncertainty even of life itself.

I shall only describe very briefly the means used to subdue the body. Those who know something of the inner workings and relationships of body and mind will see the implications, while anyone who really wishes to find out can do so with a reasonable amount of practice of meditation as I shall describe.

My first task was to assume a natural physical posture and hold it. Of course, when one attempts to be perfectly still, the first impulse is to move. The muscles will at once demand activity; the nerves make an appeal, demanding attention, and if they fail with ordinary appeals, they may make a pain. All this must be halted by the *Will.*

When the body has been given to understand that Ego or Superconscious Mind means to master, and when the body responds and is quiet, the next immediate practice is *watching the breath.* That is all. Just hold the posture and watch the breath.

Anyone who tries this will find that when you just watch the breath, with no modification, no sense of hurry or worry—but just watch the breath, it begins to slow down and the more quiet the mind the slower the breath. This is the first hint of the process by which I am able to control my breath so perfectly that I can be buried alive for hours without active breathing. Read again the above statements, if you care to get the first degree of knowledge which gives me my power over my body.

A New Venture—The Dome of Concentration

After a month of practice in body control and breath watching, I was graduated into the Dome of Concentration. This is a series of circles of seats, around a common center, which ascend step by step, so that if one is sitting on the highest seats and looks down at the center bottom level, he is casting the eyes at about an angle of forty-five degrees downward. The Master always sits in this center during the practice hour, and watches and concentrates.

The student begins by sitting one hour on the highest row or round. For the first few weeks, we look down fixing our gaze on the Master. We have already progressed sufficiently in ability to watch the breath before we are allowed in the concentration dome so that we no longer need to give active attention to body stillness and the breath. We now fix our attention on the Master, the body and breath taking care of themselves.

By degrees, as we improve our ability to gaze steadily, we move downward and each time we move down a step we raise the gaze one step upward on the

opposite side of the dome. It will be readily seen that by the time we sit on the bottom round, we are looking at an angle of forty-five degrees upward.

The practice continues exactly one hour, no more. The first effect is actual physical hurt, and the mental disturbance which inevitably follows. Here comes the crucial point when discouragement offers excuses to quit. No student is compelled to do anything. Each step is voluntary. The Master may think it wise to encourage by showing the ultimate advantages to be gained by continued endeavor, but if a student finally decides to quit, he is at liberty to do so. He is also at liberty to return to the practice if time and rest cause him to change his mind.

There comes a time when the body submits to its master, the mind or spirit, if one continues the practice. After this first adjustment there is perfect comfort of body and peace of mind. This much has been gained, which is of inestimable value during all subsequent practices and throughout life—and into eternity.

Continued practice in gazing and fixing the attention makes the mind free of the body to the degree that you might speak of it as body unconsciousness. The body ceases to assert itself, leaving the mind free to identify itself with the subject or object of concentration.

Concentration practice prepares for meditation, and meditation is the process of conscious concentration, for meditation is directed concentration. The mystery of body control by spirit is understood when one realizes that sensation follows attention and withdraws as attention is withdrawn. Know also that sensation is possible only through energy action. Then you see that withdrawal of attention withdraws energy which, in turn, nullifies sensation. In other words the complete withdrawal of attention takes away the medium of sensation, so nerves are inert and inactive. Without the medium of nerve energy, nerves are unable to make reports of impacts from environment which would ordinarily be sensation. Read this statement several times and you will begin to see why I can stick pins through my flesh and not feel it.

Some people who know nothing of these processes and experiences from their activities assume that I have become able to endure terrific strain and pain. The reverse is true. I am exceedingly sensitive to pain. I would be as unable as you to perform my physical feats of seeming endurance were it not for the fact that I know how to control the energy of my body through control of attention. Therefore, my power is mental and manifests through the body.

(To be Continued)

COPTIC NEWS

TOLEDO, OHIO

The Toledo Coptic Center was again most fortunate in drawing to its students our beloved and inspired teacher, Hamid Bey.

After sitting at the feet of our Master for the third consecutive year, we have found a deeper and more basic understanding of the fundamental principles of the Coptic philosophy.

Our vision has opened to greater horizons through the absorption of additional knowledge and wisdom.

Words cannot express our deep-felt gratitude to our beloved Master for sharing with our Toledo group his time and wisdom.

Through the untiring efforts of Hamid Bey, our Center has added many new and eager students to its members, students who are desirous to know more of the principles of right living whereby they may gain independence, strength, understanding of their fellowmen, health, and happiness.

Our Center will endeavor with the utmost zeal and application to imprint in the heart and soul of each of our aspiring students a complete mental and spiritual unfoldment which will reveal to them the true source of Universal Law.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Our discussions, resulting from the questions outlined by Mr. Martin are weaving a pattern of lasting mental impressions which are fast developing our understanding of all that is true and eternal.

It is interesting to note that each student brings out the answers from varied angles, but the answers always fit together, making an illumined mental picture.

Our mental trips from the Conscious mind to the storehouse of all knowledge are increasing in number and speed. There are those who, having developed this power, are unfolding by leaps and bounds. Thoughts which we now recognize as the God Power in transit are pouring through us faster than they can be recorded on paper.

We have formed a Posture Class as we recognize the need for development on the physical plane.

Our aim is to perfect and gain complete control of the physical body, thereby enabling the Spirit to manifest through us with greater power in whatsoever field of endeavor He will direct us.

TILLERS OF THE SOIL

By CLARA EMELIA BURR and CLARENCE EDWARD BURR

Part VI

AS his father came into the dining room, with its ugly brown oatmeal paper and heavy-figured curtains, Eddie Overman straightened his thin, stooped figure with a quick movement. Oh, for some of that gay ease so vitally a part of Jamie's association with his parents, especially at mealtimes, but here he stood fixed and miserably aware of the quaver in his voice as he spoke:

"Good evening, Dad."

His father's eyes seemed to bore through him as the unwonted greeting died away and they all sat down at the supper table.

"What have you been getting into again?" his father asked.

Eddie buttered his bread industriously, fighting a sick throb at his stomach. Why couldn't his father understand.

"We weren't allowed to use nicknames for our parents when I was young," his father went on. "Besides, your voice sounded guilty. You're out on bail, you know. Have you been into more mischief?"

Eddie shook his head, his voice stuck in his throat. Never one day without a reminder of that horror hanging over him. How foolish not to keep still and thus escape notice.

"Stop making grimaces at the table," his father commanded.

"I just got some salt into this sore on my lip."

Then his father began one of his tirades, in part directed at Eddie's mother, and she answered defensively.

Eddie cringed inside, hoping she would not slip into one of her spells of crying. Trouble was the one sure thing he could count on at home, he reflected darkly, his appetite gone as usual.

His father finally lapsed into a heavy, thunderous silence as they ate, then rose and went into the living room, closing the door behind him with a sharp snap. Now he would read the paper and doze in the old morris chair. Mother would clean up the dishes, then go in and read, too.

He stole a look at his mother. She looked so tired, with pouches under her near-sighted and blinking, pale blue eyes. She not only looked tired but half sick. That yellowish paleness, the dead stringiness of her hair —with some of the vitality of Jamie's Mums—well, it couldn't be just health, either. His father had health enough. His body looked like a stalled ox's, and he was always quick to see what he wanted to see. Yes, he felt glad he resembled his mother most. Uncle Leroy was big and beefy, too, and like his father underneath in spite of seeming differences. Suddenly he

shivered in a tense spasm of dislike. Brutes! Both of them brutes!

"Mamma, I need some money," he said in a half whisper. "I can't ask Father. Could you manage . . . " He had to get away from where he was.

"Money, Eddie? What for?" she demanded. "You buy more trash. You know how I have to scrape."

"They're having a wienie roast in the Hollow tonight. I'm a beggar, that's what," he said sulkily.

She fished a small coin purse from the sideboard drawer and held out a gleaming piece of silver. It tore him between shame and joy to find it to be a whole dollar. His fingers caught hers in an impulsive and unwonted caress.

"Gee! Thanks a million, Mamma. You're the only one in this family that's worth anything."

"Be a good boy, Eddie. You'll be in by twelve at the latest?" she pleaded, pale eyes blinking at him in the dim light.

"Sure. Don't worry about me."

Outside, the air flowed softly over his face as if to heal the humiliation still burning there. From now on he would avoid his father as much as possible, never speak unless spoken to.

He loped, Indian fashion, the three miles to the Hollow north of the city. It still lay deserted as he reached it, shelving like a great shallow bowl between the breasts of two rocky hills surrounded by scrub oak. He made a big pile of the gnarly wood before the sputtering of Roger's coupe told him the gang was coming. Roger brought three with him—Corey Shagreen, "Red" Ribar, and Jack Colson.

Soon the fire leaped and the preparations started. Jack Colson, his moon shaped face wet with sweat, spread a bunch of newspapers for a table; Red Ribar, nicknamed for his fiery hair, stretched lazily on the ground; Corey Shagreen sat on a fallen log, an expression of disdain on his bony and too-wise face. Eddie wished himself on Look-out Hill with James, away from Corey's sleepy, greenish eyes.

A hail sounded and Jim Elting puffed in, his freckled nose wrinkled with his wide-lipped smile as he took packets of salt, condiments, and sugar from his bulging pockets.

Then they roasted wieners on long spears while the smell of coffee swirled around them in the glare of the embers. Corey told stories and Jim ran off some conundrums. Afterwards Roger took out the cards. Gee! How he hated poker, but he had to play. So he took fifty matches for the half dollar left from his share in the feast.

As he expected, they soon froze him out. The game went on until Jim and Red and Jack lost their money and left. Then Roger insisted on lending Eddie some money to change his luck, and for a wonder held a winning streak until Corey grew peevish and nearly quarreled with Roger. Then he decided to walk to the trolley line a mile off and go home, since Roger still wanted to stay awhile.

Eddie looked at Roger's face, now more sardonic than ever in the flickering lantern light.

"What's up, Roger?"

"I've put up your name for membership in the Black Owls, Eddie. The inductor will be here any moment."

The words paralyzed him for he had heard Roger speak of the Black Owls before, a junior organization of Meehan's outlaws. He began to protest. In the midst of it the inductor came, a most terrifying being clad in a priest's cassock and hood and wearing a black-fringed cloth mask through which the eyes gleamed like points of steel. He felt his windpipe close.

The terror of that interview stayed with him for years. The oath of allegiance, the instruction to accept Roger's leadership and the dread penalties for any failure, all seared into his mind as with fire. He did not think of refusing. From the first he was under a hypnotic spell. When the figure finally vanished into the surrounding blackness he shivered in an uncontrollable chill.

Roger swept up the lantern with a laconic motion, his voice coolly matter-of-fact, "All right, let's get going."

Trying to follow, Eddie took sick and vomited. As he swayed dizzily, Roger grasped his arm in grim contempt. "What a baby!" Then he gave Eddie a sharp reminder that he dared not let the Black Owls down.

"Let go of me!" he yelled in black hatred. "If you've got me into more trouble, you'd better look out. I'll kill you, you snake!"

"You fool! You'd better calm down!" Roger warned.

Somehow he got home and crawled in through his own window, his mind awhirl. This, on top of that other. A week ago his Uncle Leroy had him get some stuff for the store. He knew it was stolen goods—not the first time he did so but never on such a big scale. On the way with Roger, he had met Jamie. Jamie offered to help and, though he knew he ought not to drag Jamie in, Jamie's habit of giving him the money so earned tempted too much. Jamie was so grand, no wonder with such parents and such a home, plus a sister like Sonia. He didn't dare think of Sonia. At last he slipped into fitful dozing.

Then came Easter vacations. He hated vacations. School at least passed the time. To his amazed relief, Jamie's Dad asked him to help with Easter orders. When Luther gave him twenty dollars on Saturday noon, he stared at the bills in an incredulous thrill.

Easter Sunday dawned in a golden glory that filled the air with liquid magic. His father did not feel well, so did not go to church. As he followed his mother up the broad aisle, Jamie caught up to him and drew him into their pew. Anna and Jennie Carling sat with Sonia, as usual, all three girls clad in snowy organdy. Even the shy Anna reflected a strange glamour as her glance caught his and she smiled. The music swelled its pulsing

call through the domed building and finally died away in a warm silence. Carling began the service, his tall figure outlined in a soft gray above the pulpit.

The words of the sermon struck his brain like arrows and held him with their simplicity. He felt a sweeping stir of an unseen PRESENCE that held such sweet familiarity—as if, but a moment ago, he sprang from its substance and life.

After the service ended, he lingered with Jamie as long as he dared. Then he went slowly home. Slipping in the back way, he found his father and mother in the kitchen, his father seated with his feet thrust into the open oven. He was wrapped in a huge brown bathrobe which made his body look even heavier. He hesitated and drew back. A scowl furrowed his father's high Roman nose.

"Come in and close that door. What's wrong with you, anyhow, dodging and skulking the way you do. I certainly never thought a son of mine, the only one at that, would be such a no-account. So, where have you been?"

"At church, Father."

"Huh! Your mother got back a half hour or more ago. What kept you so long?"

"I just talked to Jamie."

"Plotting some more shenanigans? If you get into more trouble, I'll not lift a finger to help you. You hear me?"

"Yes, father, I hear you," he said, all the glory of his experience at church wilting as under a silt of ashes and dust. He didn't belong to those lucky people who might hold up their heads. No, he must stay a pariah even at home, tolerated because he must be until he could get away.

His father ran a rough hand through his hair, shifting his bulk against the creaking chair, then dismissed him with a wave and a flicker of contempt across the hard-hewn face.

In the midst of the revulsion and pain that flooded Eddie's heart, he had a flash of understanding — his father resented him for being so different a type. He wanted his son to resemble himself and felt as cheated in his way, or even more so, than he, Eddie, did.

Life was too much of a puzzle for him to solve, Eddie thought wearily, as he escaped to his own cheerless room.

(*To be Continued*)

ANCIENT EGYPT IN THE LIGHT OF TRUTH

PART XV

ONCE every six-and-twenty thousand years the World's Great Year begins anew, and the Golden Years return." Thus did the immortal Percy Bysshe Shelley stress the astronomical and astrological significance of the Great Deluge of Biblical "sinflood" fame—in relation to the fabled Millenium or thousand years interregnum of universal peace, above and below, at the time of "Judgment Day."

Strangely enough, many self-styled "authorities" are unduly influenced by the Biblical version of "sinflood." They will attach more importance to Plato's fictitious account of "Atlantis" and to the late Colonel Churchward's admirable but fallacious theory on the "Lost Continent of Mu," than proves compatible with research factors to the contrary.

Even so learned an adept as the late Madame Blavatsky subscribed to what appears to be a sort of universal phobia on the subject—instead of interpreting the Great Deluge in terms astronomical and astrological as more to the point, correct.

This does not mean that there is no historic foundation for "sinflood" legends of the type paged by the Holy Bible. Indeed, every so often, entire continents as well as islands have been submerged. However, none of these happenings, cataclysmal in scope though they may have been, justifies the deluge scare mirrored in legendary folklore and mythology.

As the late Gerald Massey pointed out—one local flooding could not have produced a lasting effect upon all mankind when once the survivors had removed themselves from the immediate scene of disaster.

When certain Egyptologists assert that the ancient Egyptians were the only people who kept no records of the Deluge, these scholars base their erroneous assumptions upon the fact that the ancient Egyptians deliberately ignored mundane, lesser catastrophies of the "sinflood" variety—in favor of recording the "Great Flooding" as a cosmic, celestial phenomenon which, it is said, occurs once every 25,998 years. Not that the ancient Egyptians failed to mention the "sinflood" as a local, terrestrial catastrophe, in proof of which we may cite the well-known (to Egyptologists) *papyrus* on the *Destruction of Mankind*, which may have inspired the Biblical account of the "sinflood."

Here, it must be mentioned that the Biblical Noah and the Chaldeo-Babylonian Nuah have their earlier model in the ancient Egyptian god of wat-

ers, NNU or NU (Fig. 1) who made copy for Poseidon and Neptune.

Far from not recording the "Great Flooding," the ancient Egyptians were the only people who kept track of all the different types of Great Deluge—of Waters, of Blood, of Darkness, and of Time. And it so happens that the Great Deluge proper, as a celestial phenomenon of universal import and cosmic scope of magnitude concerns a time-fault in celestial space—as primarily responsible for the many lesser mundane floodings which gave rise to the universal Deluge scare of "sin-flood" fame!

We had best begin by pointing out that the ancient Egyptian originators of the Deluge theory had the common sense to distinguish between lesser floodings of mundane scope and import and the "Great Flooding" of cosmic scope and import. Thus the annual inundation of the river Nile typified a lesser Deluge as a purely local "Great Flooding" beneficial to Egypt. This because HAPI (Fig. 2) the Nile performs its annual miracle of life-giving inundation at the time of the summer solstice when the heliacal risings of the "dog star" Sirius, the ancient Sothis or SEPD (Fig. 3), coincided with the rebirth of the Solar year as New Year.

Then, star Sirius or Sothis or SEPD (Fig. 4), sacred to the jackal-deity and "soul guide" Anubis or AN-UP (Fig. 5) typified the AP-UAT (Fig. 6) "Opener of Ways" (of watery abysses and the Nile, and the sun) and the faithful jackal-dog SAB the "Lord of Elementals"— a type (Fig. 7) as guide of SAHU (Fig. 8) name of Horus the HERU (Fig. 9) —configurated in constellation Orion or SAH (Fig. 10).

In his character of "conquering Orion" or SAH (Fig. 11) god Horus is the Light god who overcomes the "wild bull" Taurus, of the Satanic "dark prince" SET or SUT (Fig. 12) in the form of the SHAT (Fig. 13) "wild boar" alias Taurus, the bull. This when rising Orion, the Nimrod, "hungers for the Morn"; he rising from the "nether Nile" (river Styx) of Eridanus or URI-TA-NES (Fig. 14) the "Great Tongue"; with star Tigel Orionis as the "Achillean heel" of Horus the HERU (Fig. 15) or SAH (Fig. 16) Orion in his character of twice-risen SAHU (Fig. 17), the "Lord of Elementals."

Thus "dog-star" Sirius the Sothis or SEPD (Fig. 18) heralds both the risings of Orion or SAH (Fig. 20)—with Horus the HERU (Fig. 21) representing both the sungod RA (Fig. 22) or ATHEN (Fig. 23) and "conqueror" Orion as the SAHU (Fig. 24) "Lord of Elements."

Now the Great Sphinx of Gizeh represents sungod Horus as HU (Fig. 25) the "Smiter" (of Evil) and HERU-CHUTI (Fig. 26) "Horus of the Double Horizon" (equinoxes-solstices; sunrise-sunset). This is in reference to the equinoxes and the risings and settings of sun-star RA (Fig. 27) and the risings and settings of Orion or SAH (Fig. 28), and the risings of "dog-star" Sirius the Sothis

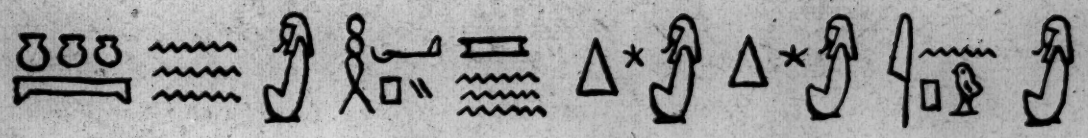

Fig.1 Fig.2 Fig.3 Fig.4 Fig.5

Fig.6 Fig.7 Fig.8 Fig.9 Fig.10 Fig.11

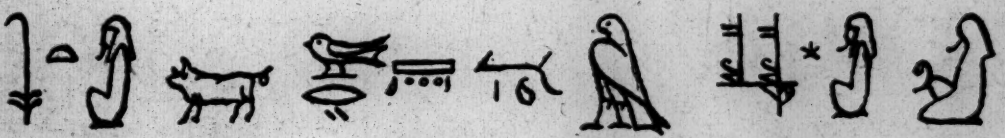

Fig.12 Fig.13 Fig.14 Fig.15 Fig.16 Fig.17

Fig.18 Fig.19 Fig.20 Fig.21 Fig.22 Fig.23 Fig.24 Fig.25

Fig.26 Fig.27 Fig.28 Fig.29 Fig.30 Fig.31

Fig.32 Fig.33 Fig.34 Fig.35 Fig.36 Fig.37 Fig.38

or SEPD (Fig. 29), and the risings of HAPI (Fig. 30) the Nile (celestial and terrestrial) during the lesser flooding (annual inundation) and during the Greater flooding (Great Deluge).

Therefore, the mystery of the Great Deluge concerns both types of "Great Flooding," celestial and terrestial. The lesser flooding as the annual inundation of River Nile in conjunction with the heliacal risings of dog-star Sirius (at night) and the sun-star (at daytime) during the summer solstice. The Greater Flooding as a Great Deluge in space—occurring once every 26,000 years—at the time of the endings and re-beginnings of the *annum magnum* or World's Great Year.

(*Continued on Page* 31)

THE PISCEAN AGE

By ORIO

shall conceive, and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel."
"Therefore the Lord himself shall give a sign: Behold a virgin
—Isaiah 7:14

IT IS the Prophet Isaiah who tells of the great wonders that are to be revealed as the new Piscean Age is to be ushered in. When he tells of the Son of God who is to be born of a virgin, we begin to realize that the old order is passing and that a new era lies ahead. When the first degrees of the Sign Aries came to the first degrees of the constellation Aires, which is also the last degree of constellation Piscus, the Piscian Age began.

When the sun entered the Sign Pisces, these words of prophecy bring to mind the importance of the polarity of the signs and we see the connection between the Sign Virgo, the Virgin, and the Sign Pisces, the Fishes.

If we begin with the constellation Virgo and travel through the signs we end with Leo, the Lion, and find an answer as to why Jesus was born of a Virgin to become King of Kings as I Timothy 6:5 reads, *"Which in his times he shall shew, who is the blessed and only Potentate, the King of Kings, and Lord of Lords."*

It is because Jesus is Mary's child and the seed of a woman, and not the seed of Joseph, that he is entitled to inherit the throne of David.

Jeremiah in chapter 22 tells that no descendant of Conias shall ever sit on the throne of David. Joseph was a descendant of Conias while Mary was the descendant of David's son Nathan and, therefore, Christ was born to Mary.

In the first chapter of St. Luke we find Mary's story, *"And the angel Gabriel was sent from God unto a city of Galilee, named Nazareth, To a virgin espoused to a man whose name was Joseph, of the house of David; and the virgin's name was Mary. And the angel came in unto her, and said, Hail, thou that are highly favoured, the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women. Fear not, Mary: for thou hast found favour with God. And behold, thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and bring forth a son, and shalt call his name JESUS. He shall be great and shall be called the Son of the Highest: and the Lord God shall give unto him the throne of his father David.*

"And he shall reign over the house of Jacob forever; and of his kingdom there shall be no end. Then said Mary unto the angel, How can this be, seeing I know not a man. And the angel answered and said unto her, The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee; therefore also that holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God."

Virgo, the Virgin, holds seed wheat

in her left hand and a branch in her right hand, as you will note by examining the different signs. A connection may be seen immediately between this and the words of St. John 7:42—*"Hath not the scriptures said, That Christ cometh of the seed of David, and out of the town of Bethlehem, where David was?"*

And the story as told in Genesis 3:15 when God spoke to the serpent, *"I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thee shalt bruise his heel."*

In Hebrews 2:14-15 one reads of Christ the seed of Mary *"that through death he might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil; And deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage."*

Relative to the branch she holds, the Prophet Isaiah in Chapter 11, verses 1 and 2 states, *"And there shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse, and a Branch shall grow out of his roots. And the spirit of the LORD shall rest upon him, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might."*

Scriptures tell that Jesse was the father of King David, the Psalmist, and it was through this lineage that the rightful heir should come.

Although the Virgin Mary was chosen as the mother of Jesus, we soon begin to note the manifestations that Christ is the Son of God. In the Gospel by St. Luke we read that when he was twelve years old his parents took him to Jerusalem for the feast of the Passover.

On the return journey he tarried. His parents returned for him and when they found him he said unto them, *"How is it that ye sought me? Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business? And they understood not the saying which he spake unto them."*

It is St. John who tells us that Jesus said *"I and my Father are one."* *"He that seeth me seeth him that sent me,"* and *"If ye had known me, ye should have known my Father also; and henceforth ye know him, and have seen him."*

In Galatians 4:4-5 we read, *"when the fullness of time was come, God sent forth His Son, made of a woman, made under the law, To redeem them that were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons."*

In II Corinthians 6:16 we are told, *"For ye are the temple of the living God; as God hath said, I will dwell in them, and walk in them; and I will be their God, and they shall be my people."*

This temple of which God speaks is our earthly body wherein the spirit resides.

(To be Continued)

METEMPSYCHOSIS

Reincarnation

Pilgrimage of the Soul Through Matter

By JOHN H. MANAS

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MOTHER'S MEMORY

Ah, Mother, there is a memory
That Time cannot erase.
There is a picture deeply etched
Of your dear and saintly face.
My heart is often sad
As I think of you and pray
That God will guide you, too,
As you have me, each day.

Often I sit and dream
Of golden days gone by.
And I often sadly ponder
As my gaze is lifted high.
For there I see your face
Drifting—Drifting on,
And I almost want to speak,
But in a second you are gone.

Still your memory always lingers
And it will bridge the time
When fate shall set me free
And I shall grasp your hand in mine.
Ah, folly of such human dreams.
Our hands won't touch, 'tis true,
But wherever you are, Mother,
May my soul be—with you.

—Henri and LaJune Berthiaume